

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE SQUATTERS.

Hughenden has at last found an occupant in Sir Samuel Wilson, the Australian millionaire, who has leased the mansion until Lord Beaconsfield's heir comes of age. In old times, Mr. Disraeli loved to sneer at successful colonists, who after 'fleecing a thousand flocks,' sought seats in the House. It is hardly likely, as the Lord of Hughenden cast in the cast sidelong glances at Messrs. Lowe and Childers, that he ever dreamt of a sheep-king yawning in the rooms where he had entertained Royalty and hoodwinked squires. However, as report has it that the quondam owner of Ercildoune has paid handsomely for the honour of dating his letters from the Mecca of Toryism, there is no likelihood that Sir Samuel will be disturbed by the irate wraith of his predecessor. Indeed, so uncompromising a 'Constitutionalist' as the Legislative Councilor for the Western District of Victoria may be inclined to continue the traditions of the place by battling for the landed interest in London, instead of Melbourne. Still a middle-aged man—twenty years younger than the Prime Minister—Sir Samuel Wilson has run a wondrously successful career. He is an Irishman, who, thirty years ago, landed in Melbourne, with no better equipment for the battle of life than a slender knowledge of mathematics and a four years' apprenticeship to the flax-spinning business. As neither accomplishment was in demand in Australia, the raw gossoon from Ballycloughan took to gold-digging. Nuggets fell to his rocker, and with the dust he bought sheep; and no sooner did he buy sheep than the rain fell, and the grain grew, and wool and mutton ran up and kept up, until Joseph bought out his two elder brothers. Investing in real estate in Victoria, and 'run' interests in Queensland and New South Wales, everything he touched turned to money, until, having a fancy to play the 'pious founder,' he could afford to toss thirty thousand pounds to Melbourne University, without seriously disturbing his balance at his banker's. A rich man, he is able to amuse himself with hobbies. Indeed, to one of these he owes his knighthood; for had not 'Sir Sam' taken a fancy to a naturalize the salmon in Australian rivers, and write a book about his wondrous fish-ponds at Ercildoune, the chances are that to-day he would be as far from the Athenæum Club as the Campbells, McLeans, Tysons, and other pastoral sovereigns, whose fleecy subjects are counted by the half-million, and before whom catiffs with wretched little flocks of fifty thousand bow humbly in Mocquerie-street and the Riverina.

A squatter was at one time understood to be a disreputable individual, who lived on the outskirts of the penal settlements of New South Wales, and was chiefly employed in stealing the cattle of more law-abiding personages. To-day he is the lessee of immense tracts of Crown land, not immediately required by purchasers, over which graze his wealth in the shape of endless flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. It is the squatter's mansion which the traveller sees the moment he leaves the thinly scattered Australian towns; and before he is long in 'the Colonies' he learns to regard him as a type of the Antipodean aristocracy. In the club at Melbourne or Sydney he finds him all-powerful; and if he arrives with any kind of introduction, or, indeed, without that passport, he will at a very early date be asked to share the hospitality of these wealthy sheep-kings; and after staying at one house weeks or months will be passed on to another, until, as his last host bids him goodbye on the wharf at Brisbane, he will hardly remember who first started him on these three thousand miles of visits which he began eighteen months or two years ago at Adelaide or Melbourne. Nor, unless he commits some grievous offence, will anybody think it necessary to ascertain the fact. If he can play billiards, eat mutton, and drink unlimited tea, he is at home, and will have horses to ride, carriages to drive in, and kangaroo to hunt. In return he must tolerate much talk about the value of wool, and listen to endless discussions regarding the best way of washing sheep, or vehement tirades against the knavery of 'free selectors' and the 'radical mob' led by Mr. Berry, Premier and Publican. In many respects these great sheep-kings are akin to the English squires of last century. For ten, fifteen, or twenty miles, every man they are likely to come across is their dependent, and they are either actually or virtually monarchs of another squatter with a greater run, a huger flock, or a more extensive 'mob' of cattle or horses. In other respects the Australian squatter is widely different even from Squire Western. He may have been a younger son, a successful gold-digger, a butcher, a shepherd, or even that shady personage whom it is still a Sydney euphemism to describe as 'an old hand.' But in every case he has been the architect of his own fortune. A second generation of wealthy squatters is as yet rare, and the chances are that the man whose guest you are in the bush is the first member of his family who was trusted with a cheque-book.

The sheep-king leads, nevertheless, an anxious life. He is almost invariably in debt to the 'merchant' from whom he obtains his supplies, and to whom his sheep are mortgaged. Wool may fall from two shillings to sixpence a pound; there may be a dry summer, and, as a consequence of no grass, sheep may be selling at half-a-crown a head; or his fences may be burnt by bush-fires, or wallabies and wild-horses may devour the pasture, or dingoes the sheep; or, worst of all, the rabbits may, in spite of strychnine, get the upper hand. Then the squatter is

ruined, and the 'swagman,' who for years has been accustomed to find his mutton and damper secure at 'the hut,' learns that a new man has come, or that the old master is simply the overseer for the bank or the money-lender in Melbourne. The first generation of a squatter family is energetic; the second listless. The girls are lively enough, and lovely too. They are as self-assertive and irreverent as any American damsel. But high intelligence either in them or their brothers is rare. The young squatter is addicted to loafing, and can speak about little save horse-races, women, or the everlasting sheep. He is fond of taking 'a spell' in town, where, 'my word,' he astonishes the 'jackaroos,' as he contemptuously styles the young Englishmen who arrive to gain colonial experience. He is, moreover, bumptious and boastful to an offensive degree, and speaks of England and Englishmen in a manner which would be hardly agreeable to the effusive souls who write bunkum about Australian 'loyalty.' Still, the squatterocracy are forming a true country party in Australia, possessed of all the prejudices and bitterness of that cultured portion of the community. They are building grand houses, and a certain percentage of them swarm off every year to gain a footing among the new men of England. Here, indeed, they supply the place of the old Nabobs, though their manners are healthier than those of the yellow-faced people who last century shook the pagoda-tree and bought boroughs with the fruit. They are also unlike the shoddy and petroleum magnates of America. For these are usually townsmen, and though purse-proud, have rubbed too much against other classes to retain many of their worst angularities. Nor is the successful squatter akin to the successful gold or diamond digger, since he has made his money much more slowly than the latter, and thus becomes more thoroughly ingrained with the peculiar surroundings of his trade. In Australia, a Cross of Michael and George is his grand ambition; 'at home' he strives for a seat in the House of Commons. He lives in the best West-end houses; and if he does not always attain the best of clubs, he amazes their habitués with the strength of his Conservatism—and language. Yet he sometimes wonders why he came to England, and wearies for old times on the Hawkesbury or in Gullgong Gulch. In Geelong, on the banks of the Murray or the Yarra Yarra, or in the Verandah up Collins-street, Sir Peter Jobson, M. L. C., was somebody. In Bucks, baronets and people with twenty thousand a year are almost as plentiful as gum-trees in Gippsland.—The World.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF HEALTH.—In results of a somewhat large acquaintance with the facts held to indicate the state and progress of "human health," I fear my testimony must be given to show that the improvement effected by science consists in a prolongation of the passive endurance of life, rather than an extension of the period of true vitality, or any increase of the opportunity for good work and real intellectual enjoyment. We may "live" longer, but our lives are not either happier or more useful for the excessive energy recently devoted to the conservation of health, or the inordinate and laborious means taken to avoid disease and death. It may, doubtless, be possible to raise humanity to the level of one of those scientific toys which approximate perpetual motion, but expend their whole force in moving themselves. Whether longevity purchased at the price of passing a lifetime in running away from death would be worth having, I must leave to be determined by the judgment of those who set a value on our so-called sanitary progress, which I, for one, fail to recognize. I think men were happier and better, and lived nobler lives, before the pursuit of health and the yearning for longevity became a craze, almost amounting to madness. What to eat, drink, and avoid, what to wear, where and how to live, by what means to avoid infection, to keep off disease, and to escape death for a few weary and worried years, are questions which so engross the thoughts, if they do not embitter the lives of the multitude, that the proposition, "Is a sanitary life worth living?" has come to be a subject of serious contemplation, and one which the taxed and harassed community will sooner or later be compelled to entertain.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. B., Laohine.—Letter received. Thanks. You are correct again. There are two solutions to Mr. Blackburne's Problem No. 350. Your solution by first checking with the Kt will mate in three moves.

In the October number of the British Chess Magazine, there is a letter from Mr. Wisker on the condition of chess matters in Australia, which ought to be read by every player in the Dominion of Canada. To see what is being done in other parts of the world by those who, like ourselves, have very few among them who can spare time for amusement seems natural enough, and the information furnished by Mr. Wisker is likely to prove as useful as it is interesting. The whole of the last number of this excellent chess periodical is deserving of attention. It contains a large amount of information connected with the Berlin Congress and Tourney, and the scores of some of the best of the games in that contest. We are sorry our space will not allow us to notice the whole of the contents of this number. The first volume of this magazine, at the end of the year, will make a capital addition to a chessplayer's library.

In the Berlin Master Tourney, the tie between Teobigorn and Winsawer was amicably settled by an agreement to divide the third and fourth prizes. Play to decide the tie between Messrs. Mason and Wittek was ap-

pointed to begin on Sept. 19th, but Mr. Wittek failed to appear, and the fifth prize was awarded to Mason by default.—Turf, Field and Farm.

Every solitary old bachelor ought to join a chess club; he will there find all and more than any other recreation can give to meet the wants of his lonely leisure; social enjoyment, friendship and pleasant after thoughts are the three graces of the Chess circle, and in conjunction with these are opportunities for the study of human nature such as nowhere else can be found among things unconnected with the serious business of life.—Baltimore Sunday News.

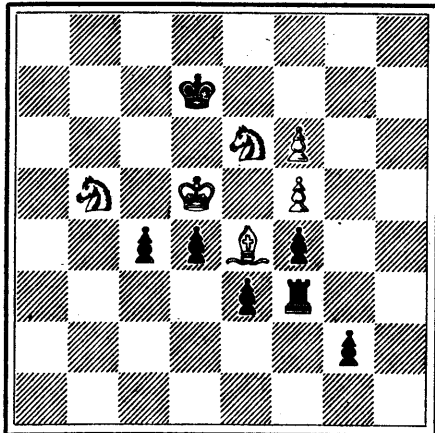
THE CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.—A special general meeting of the members of this club was held in Moullet's Hotel on Friday evening. The meeting was well attended, and included nearly all the leading members of the club. The president, Mr. J. F. Lovelock, occupied the chair. An attractive programme for the coming season was submitted and unanimously approved of. The programme included a blindfold exhibition, to be given by Mr. Blackburne on Oct. 12; a handicap tournament, for which 14 competitors have entered; and a series of simultaneous matches, to be conducted by various chess masters. During the proceedings Mr. Blackburne entered the room, and met with an enthusiastic reception. A vote of thanks was then proposed by the President, and passed by acclamation, to the honorary members of the club, Messrs. Blackburne and Mason, for the great ability with which they had acquitted themselves at the International Tournament at Berlin. Mr. Blackburne, in responding, spoke very modestly of his own achievement in winning the chief prize, but acknowledged that he had been touched and gratified by the kind reception which he had met with on his return to England.—Glasgow Herald, Oct. 1st.

The Chess season has commenced on both sides of the Atlantic, and already we hear of matches which have been brought to a conclusion, and of others which are to follow in a short time. This is as it should be. The standard of play can only be maintained by such contests. The Province of Ontario has just finished a hard fought battle. Five members of the Hamilton Chess Club visited Toronto last week by invitation, and contested a match with an equal number of the members of the chess club of that city. The results were in favour of Toronto, whose score was 8½ games won to their adversaries' 1½ games.

PROBLEM No. 350.

By John Barry, Laohine.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 479TH.

(From Land and Water.)

THE BERLIN TOURNEY.

Played in the Berlin Tourney between Messrs. Blackburne and Schwarz.

(French Defence.)

- White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to Q 4, 3. Q Kt to B 3, 4. P takes P, 5. Kt to B 3, 6. B to Q 3, 7. Castles, 8. Kt to K 2, 9. Kt to Kt 3, 10. B to K 3, 11. Q to Q 2, 12. Q R to K sq, 13. Q to B sq, 14. P takes B, 15. R P takes Kt, 16. K to Kt 2, 17. R to R sq, 18. R to R 3, 19. Q R to R sq, 20. B to K Kt 5, 21. P to Q B 4, 22. B takes Q B P, 23. R to R 4, 24. B to Kt 3, 25. B to B 6, 26. Q takes Kt (a), 27. R takes P. Black.—(Herr Schwarz.) 1. P to K 3, 2. P to Q 4, 3. K Kt to B 3, 4. P takes P, 5. B to Q 3, 6. P to B 3, 7. Castles, 8. B to K Kt 5, 9. Q to B 2, 10. Q Kt to Q 2, 11. K R to K sq, 12. Kt to K 5, 13. Q B takes Kt, 14. Kt takes Kt, 15. B takes P, 16. B to Q 3, 17. Kt to B sq, 18. P to K Kt 3, 19. Q R to Q sq, 20. R to Q 2, 21. P takes P, 22. P to K R 4, 23. P to Kt 4, 24. Kt to K 3, 25. Kt to B 5 h, 26. B takes Q, Resigns.

NOTE.

(a) The beginning of a brilliant termination.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 350.

- White. Black. 1. Q to Q R 5 1 Any 2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 348.

- White. Black. 1. B to K Kt 2 1. Any 2. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 349.

- White. Black. K at Q 5 K at Q R 5 R at Q Kt 5 B at Q 3 B at Q 8 Kt at Q R 5 P at Q B 3

White to play and mate in two moves.



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